

MATTERS SOCIAL.

A Resume of Social Happenings for the Past Week.

On Friday a German at the barracks—Several Seating Parties—Mormons of Wallingford.

Known Society People.

VANITY FAIR.

AT THE MATINEE.

I saw the play, "The Manxman." The girls of the play sat in the boxes. They were attentive to the play; Each wore a low-crowned hat.

Yes, low-crowned hats did not hide the face.

With wonder I sat up straight, For they were seated, too.

They were two maidens young and fair.

Two maidens, then sitting there, Attentive to the play.

And then to think that I could see The stage? Was all in view,

Was all in view, to me, What were there to do?

They did not chatter, Neither spoke So strange it did seem?

I thought just as I wrote, And found it was a dream.

—Boston Courier.

Pale pink and deep red roses and pinks (car-

riages) are the most fashionable flowers at the

present time.

They are the thing for a gentleman to

wear as favors before he visits a lady.

They should be worn to match the color of

the dress, or which is just as fashionable,

to form a decided contrast to it.

Adolescents are in season and are nice to wear,

being of many and beautiful colors, and retaining

their freshness for a long time.

Orchidemums promise to be a great rage

this year. They are always improving,

and some new varieties are making their

debut.

Twenty-five new roses now make the fashionable

bouquet for the last two weeks.

The latter is worn high, even touching

the roses on the wearer's check.

SPRING FLOWERS.—Soak for a few

days, drain and cover with water, then

you can peel the skin. Do not

leave on ice until morning. Then

you can use them.

Put the flowers in a cloth bag, and

soak in cold water until the petals

open, half an hour. Then add the

coke tea minutes longer, and pour out.

Put with or without

lemon.

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DAISIES ON THE FARM

She painted them on canvas
With a soft, artistic air
She set them in her bed
She thought farm life lovely
And it's most charming
When it's in the daisies.

"Don't you see the daisies?"
To the farmer's son she said
But all the praise he uttered
Was underneath his breath
It seemed to him
But she felt a vague alarm
The daisies were the farm.

She read to him poems
A pastoral symphony.

She seemed unsuspicious.

Though her voice was very sweet.

With a smile she turned
Her face gray, and her form
For its burden was the daisies.

The daisies on the farm.

Some the charming summer border
To the garden, and
For a sort of higher ground
Her esthetic nature yearned.

With her eyes upon the daisies
Went to battle with the daisies.

The daisies on the farm.

—TOMS SONG

YOUNG HORNETS IN THE HORNETS' NEST

AN HISTORIC SIGHT OF LOVE AND WAR

BY J. R. BROWN

ARTHUR G. MCINTIRE, BOSTON, MASS.

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CHAPTER I.

ANGUS was the great black

dog, and the boy stood aside and said, "I'm

and him, Wolf."

The huge dog sprang forward with a savage

growl, the torn fur for one considerate

moment to keep the girl in front of him.

The dog seized him by the arm and held him.

Wolf then leaped for his throat, but the boy

sprang backward and was about to strike the

animal with his knife when there was a dash

and a loud report, and the room was full of

smoke. As it cleared a little he saw the dog

shaking its tail like a mad dog.

McIntire rushed to his son's arms and

shrieked. "The old men will kill me if I kill

you."

"No, mother, he said grimly, "we are seated

with them, so, but just make sure."

"Stop your screaming, children there's no more danger."

"Come, Wolf."

There was a sound of galloping horses in the

lane, and Burton's whistle reverberated.

Ella, who was almost fainting, A moment later was she

sober in her lover's arms.

"Heaven! heavens! Gus, what's happened?"

cried, overrunning to the veranda steps

and looking within.

"'Vel,'" said the boy, brokenly, and sitting

down, "I reckon you may well speak of merciful heaven. If you hadn't come I could have

held out a little longer, but you must give me time," and he sank exhausted and faint to the

steps.

Mrs. McIntire was at the side in a moment

with a glass of wine. "Have patience, George,"

she said. "There were two other men. What

Angus could have done to them."

"There, there," said the boy, with a

moment. "Why the insatiable do I have to act

like a baby at such times?" let a light out and see

what you'll find by that tree yonder."

The two unconscious forms were found barely

breathing, for the boy had brought down the

heavy club with all the strength which terror

inspires. Explanations were soon given and

the old men gathered around Angus with

"'Vel' shut up," said the boy irritably. "I can't stand any more to-night. Mother and the

girls are safe, and that's enough."

"Here, George," cried Burton, "let us pitch

the carabine to the veranda steps

and look within."

"'Vel,'" said the boy, brokenly, and sitting

down, "I reckon you may well speak of merciful

heaven, but I'm really observant. This is giving

the old men a chance. Perhaps we had better

call in the doctor."

"There, there," said the boy, with a

moment. "I'll go to the doctor."

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